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GETTYSBURG

THE BATTLE OF

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From

"THE WORLD DISARMED"

By

J. FRANK HANLY

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IN EXPLANATION

No indictment of war is complete without an exhibit of a battle scene. That this accusation may be a full, true, and complete presentment, I submit such a scene, and it is difficult to conceive a greater, a severer, or a more terrific arraignment of war, with its madness, its frenzy, its horrors, and its atrocities, than the picture constitutes.
Here it is:

GETTYSBURG

BEFORE THE BATTLE

June 30, 1863

Scene: A Pennsylvania Village.
Hour: A Mid-Summer Evening.

West of the village, running north and south, an elevated ridge, covered with an open wood. On this ridge, an academy and a seminary of a Christian Church. To the north, a mile and a half away, a commanding knoll—Oak Hill, sloping gradually to the west five hundred yards to another ridge — McPherson's, wider, smoother, and lower. Oak Hill is their intersection, commanding a clear view of the slopes of both ridges and of the valley between.

North of the town, flat and open country. On the south, a bold, high ridge, bowlder-strewn and rock-ribbed, terminating on the

east in a well-wooded hill—Culp's Hill—and on the west, overlooking the town, in another hill—Cemetery Hill, on the crest of which is the village cemetery.

From this hill to the south, for a mile and a half, runs a ridge—Cemetery Ridge, sloping gradually to the west and the south. Near the western base of Cemetery Hill, a grove—Zeigler's. Nine hundred yards to the south, on Cemetery Ridge—a clump of trees. About this clump of trees the ridge is smooth and open. Three-quarters of a mile away it terminates in a high, rocky, bowlder-covered hill—Little Round Top. Further to the west and south, but closely connected, is Big Round Top.

Fourteen to sixteen hundred yards to the west, Seminary Ridge, lying in full view. West of Little Round Top, five hundred yards, and one hundred feet lower, a pile of huge rocks and bowlders so flung together

as to form innumerable crevices and holes large enough for men to shelter in—Devil's Den. The slopes of Little Round Top are covered with gigantic bowlders. Near its base, marshy land. Immediately west of Devil's Den the country is wooded, and west and north, eleven hundred yards, a large peach orchard. South of the peach orchard, a wheatfield. The valley between Cemetery and Seminary Ridges presents rolling slopes of pasture, in which cattle are grazing; undulating fields of growing corn and squares of ripening wheat, intersected and separated by fences of posts and rails and stone, and dotted here and there with houses and orchards and barns and gardens; the whole constituting a scene of quiet ease and plenteous contentment; a panorama of unusual beauty, typical of Pennsylvania pastoral life.

About it all the enamored sunlight ling-

ers, loathe to leave, kissing ridge and valley into mellow, changing beauty; flecking the pasture slopes with dappled shadows; turning the wheatfield into a lake of gold; touching the peach orchard with particles of filtered amethyst; hanging the oak boughs with threads of light; wreathing Zeigler's grove and the Clump of Trees in a film of velvet air; spreading a sea of purple about the wood-draped hills; tipping the Round Tops with celestial glory, and lifting between their crests a bending bridge of sapphire—and above it all, a serene and peaceful sky. The perfect close of a perfect day! But the sunlight does well to linger. It will never again find these fields and hills the same. It will return, but they shall be different. Their peace will be broken, their beauty defiled, their loveliness despoiled. The morning's earliest dawn brings the change. A human

cataclysm breaks over them like a torrential flood. Over and across them it rolls and flows like an avalanche. Its shock is like the earthquake's. One hundred and sixty thousand armed men meet with an impact that shakes the continent. For three days they wound and kill until one-fourth their number fall, injured or dead, and the living drop from exhaustion. The little cemetery on the hill widens and spreads until ten thousand dead find sepulcher, and ridge and valley, hill and plain, are one Necropolis.

FIRST DAY

July 1, 1863

The tragedy begins with the morning and continues with the fury of a tempest throughout the day. The agonies of nations are in it—of life, of death, and of birth—the life, or the dismemberment and death, of one; the birth, or the miscarriage of another.

At first, a few scattered, uncertain, hesitating shots between the scouts and pickets of Heth and Buford—the videttes of the gathering hosts; and then the steadier roll of connected conflict between augmented numbers, deepening gradually into the clash and roar of deadly battle—the impact of divisions and of corps—quickening the march of thousands of weary feet, calling Lee and Meade to the fatal field, and draw-

ing two armies to its red bosom. Reynolds arrives and falls. Howard takes command. Upon him bursts Ewell's storm of war. Paul is wounded, both his eyes are out. Rhodes sweeps southward from Oak Hill. Stone and Weister are wounded. Hundreds fall. Williams is dead. Gordon strikes Howard's right flank, taking it obliquely from the rear. Barlow is desperately hurt. Beneath the concentrated fire from front and flank the heroic lines break and dissolve. Leaving their dead and wounded, they find refuge at Cemetery Hill. It is evening. The first act of the tragedy is closing. Lee is on the ground. On the other side Hancock is in command. The twilight deepens. The tired and wounded divisions sleep on their arms in the ranks. The dead and injured lie where they fell. The dead, unconscious of sky or star or dew. The wounded, keenly conscious, do

not want to die. Some of them crawl and drag themselves to shelter. Others are rescued by sympathetic comrades or generous foes. But hundreds of them turn their sad, imploring eyes to the sky, and lie through the night among the slain, unfound, with no companions but the stars. Others pass away in the silent watches between the midnight and the dawn, to find amid the shadows of the other side the peace denied them here. But death has scarcely yet begun to take its toll. Its appetite is only whetted. To-morrow it will reap a real harvest. And the next day! Ah, God forgive! The next day it will glut its jaws with victims!

SECOND DAY

July 2, 1863

The hour is three-thirty in the afternoon. Both armies are in position. The Federals are stretched along Cemetery Ridge from Culp's Hill to Cemetery Hill, past Zeigler's grove, the Clump of Trees, and up to Little Round Top.

The Confederate lines extend from the woods in front of Little Round Top, along Seminary Ridge, through the town and around to the front of Culp's Hill. Divisions and corps have been arriving and going into position on either side throughout the night and all the day. The stage at last is set. Lee and Meade are both on the field. Little Round Top is the key to the Federal position. Lee has determined to possess it. Longstreet's divisions are

ordered into action and the struggle for its possession begins. Starting in the woods in front of it, the fighting reaches Devil's Den, spreads to the Peach Orchard; rolls through the Wheatfield, and breaks at last along the slope and upon the crest of Little Round Top itself.

Hood is soon in hot contention. His division sweeps out of the woods, up to Devil's Den, around it and over it, fighting among the bowlders, breaking the Federal lines and pushing them to the foot of Little Round Top, to be in turn hurled back to Devil's Den. The fighting is tremendous. Men and officers are stricken by hundreds. Hood is wounded. Brook is disabled. McLaws and Kershaw are involved. Both are desperately engaged. A hundred cannon join in the noise and slaughter. At the Peach Orchard the battered Confederate line staggers, reels and is bent back.

The Federals rush through its thinned ranks. But the Confederates meet them in a terrific counter-charge. The lines collide. They fight like demons. The slaughter is terrible. The Peach Orchard is riddled, as the wave of battle rolls through it on into the Wheatfield. Sickles is frightfully maimed. Zook is killed. Back and forth, across the Wheatfield, the red tide ebbs and flows, amid a raking fire of shell and canister. Anderson is wounded. Swanson falls, expiring. Meade's horse is shot from under him. Willard is dead. The very air is quick with pain. The valley, choked with war. The din is incessant. The confusion, indescribable. Wild, discordant sounds rend the air—the rattle of rifles; the scream and crash of bursting shells; the shouts of commanders; the roar of cannon; the cheers and cries of enraged and struggling divisions. Men

run hither and yon; rush to and fro; come in contact with one another, fight like maniacs, hand to hand; shout, struggle, fall and die, shrieking with mortal agony. Air, earth and sky, unite in one universal wail of pain and despair. The Blue lines are driven backward. Thousands struggle with death. Some are sitting up, unable to rise, sobbing convulsively. Others are binding up their wounds as best they know. Some are limping from the field. Others, half prostrate, plead piteously for succor that can not be given. And others are prone upon the ground, cumbered with the dead, trampled beneath the feet of the living, bruised and broken by the iron rims of hurrying batteries and the shod hoofs of galloping horses. Biglow's battery has remained too long. The Confederates fight for its possession, hand to hand. The cannoneers meet them with clubbed muskets

and with hand-spikes. Twenty-eight out of one hundred and four of the battery's men are killed or wounded; and sixty-five out of eighty-eight horses. Nearer and nearer the Gray lines fight their way. Barksdale falls—he 's dying. Half of Kershaw's brigade is swept away, but the survivors do not halt. They are out of the Wheatfield. They are at the foot of Little Round Top again. They climb its slopes, struggling up between rocks and trees. They mount it. They grapple for its crest, fighting hand to hand, in a frenzied struggle to possess it. Vincent, Weed, and Hazzard go down one after the other. The fury of the conflict trebles. The apex of the crest is the point of final, terrific, deadly strife. Men drop in scores. Half their numbers fall, but the Blue lines do not yield. They seem rooted to the hill, as immovable as the bowlders about them. The attacking ranks are

shattered into fragments. The Gray lines waver, flesh and blood can not withstand the strain. The tide recedes, followed by a tempest of musketry and a concentrated storm of shot and shell. The conflict at last is over and twenty thousand men are stretched upon the narrow field, wounded, dying and dead—the work of less than five frenzied hours! It is evening again. The shadows thicken. The hills and valley are still with death.

At the hour of sunset another scene in the awful three-days' tragedy is being enacted a mile and a half away. The Confederates fight their way into the first line of Federal intrenchments at Culp's Hill, and climb up the steep face of the slope at Cemetery Hill under a withering Federal fire. They break over the stone wall into the Federal works on the brow of the hill and reach the crest, overrunning Rickett's

batteries, bayoneting the cannoneers, fighting among the guns. The conflict becomes a melee, a personal encounter. Assailants and defenders intermingle. They fight with pistols, with bayonets, hand-spikes, rammers, stones, and even fence-rails. Pender is dead. Avery is killed. The dead and wounded lie in piles about the batteries. Again the strain becomes unendurable, too much for mortal courage. The Gray lines weaken. They are repulsed and driven headlong down the slope, with terrific, sickening slaughter. And then the night falls—"a night of boding silence fraught with terror." The moon sweeps into the cloudless sky. The two armies sink to rest, weak from the awful hemorrhage of countless wounds. The dead are left uncounted, the wounded unsuccored. They lie among the batteries on the crests of the hills; in the crevices of the rocks at Devil's Den; amid the fallen,

trampled wheat; beneath the trees in the Peach Orchard, and amid the tangle of the woods where Hood's division started the conflict. The wounded and the dead! More than twenty thousand!

THIRD DAY

July 3, 1863

CULP'S HILL

With the dawn the conflict on the Federal right is renewed and continued until eleven in the morning. Geary and Ruger recover their trenches after desperate fighting.

The losses again are heavy. Fifteen hundred dead and wounded Confederates lie on the ground in front of Geary's breast-works alone. The very trees are so scarred and maimed by missiles that they die of their wounds.

THE CANNONADE

It is one o'clock. The din and tumult of the battle at Culp's Hill has ceased. A foreboding silence settles over the field, enveloping both armies—a pervasive, breathless, portentious stillness, so intense that it almost wounds. The shuddering air is sentient with dread. The whispering winds, voluble with horror. All nature bodies forth disaster. The sense of it is in and upon everything. All are conscious that a last and supreme effort to possess the crest of Cemetery Ridge is about to be made. All stand expectant. The drama trembles to begin. Suddenly a single gun in the Confederate center breaks the silence, followed in quick succession by a second; two rings of gray-white smoke circle upward

into the pulsating air; and then the whole Confederate front, two miles in extent, bursts into flame. From the red mouths of one hundred and fifty-eight cannon leaps a bursting, withering tempest, striking the Federal lines like a death-ladened blast from a mighty furnace. For fifteen minutes the one-sided cannonade continues, volley succeeding volley in rapid and unbroken succession. Then eighty Federal guns make response, sending their death-dealing answer from a line a mile in length, across the valley and into the Confederate batteries.

For an hour and a quarter two hundred and thirty-eight cannon, massed within an area of a single square mile, join in a storm that crowds the air with flying missiles and the hurtling fragments of exploding shells; filling the valley with smoke and flame; making the heavens tremble; shaking the

solid hills and rocking the earth itself, as though it were in the throes of an earthquake.

The guns vomit an avalanche of fire and iron. The roar is deafening. The shock, cataclysmal. The shells go hissing and screaming from the bellowing throats of the guns on either side. Some meet and burst in mid-air between the lines, lighting the clouds of dense, black smoke with lurid snake-like flashes of flame. But enough of them reach the ridges to make them uninhabitable.

The crests of both are seething volcanoes, wrapped in flame and in lilac-colored smoke. The ground is ploughed with shot, the slopes seamed and gashed with metal. The monuments in the cemetery are overthrown and broken. Forest trees are shattered and torn. Great oaks are stripped of their boughs, and their trunks, riven and splin-

tered, go crashing to the earth. Every living thing is withered, as with a breath from hell.

Along the center of the Federal lines the Confederate shells do horrible execution—bursting above the crouching troops and among the batteries, the supply trains, and the ambulances; dismantling guns, shooting off their wheels, blowing up limbers, and exploding caissons; breaking up Meade's headquarters, wounding members of his staff, sending a horde of camp followers in terror to the rear; striking down horses and killing men, and piling all—carriages, horses, and men—in heaps about the batteries.

At length the Federals gradually slacken their fire as though their ammunition were exhausted or their batteries disabled. This action indicates to the Confederates an expected and much-desired condition. Pick-

ett's, Garnett's, and Pettigrew's divisions, formed behind the wood in ranks for the charge, have been waiting for it. It is herald to the hour of fate. Destiny rides into the valley, beckoning the gray, bellipotent hosts to death and glory on the opposite crests.

PICKETT'S CHARGE

Longstreet, unable to speak the order, nods assent to Pickett's inquiring plea. Both understand the peril and the hazard of a charge across the valley against the grim, unyielding Federal lines, but both are soldiers, familiar with death, accustomed to obey. Instantly Pickett's picturesque form straightens in the saddle; his sword leaps from its scabbard, flashing in the sunlight, and the daring, splendid horseman gallops over the crest to the head of his column, and leads his division forward, followed by Garnett and Pettigrew with their divisions—in all fifteen thousand men. Formed with a front of eighteen hundred feet, in columns three lines deep, they advance with easy, swing-

ing step toward the Clump of Trees in Hancock's line. Skirmishers spring forward and deploy in the open field. The first line advances with the precision of a parade, beautiful in the perfectness of its order. One hundred yards to the rear is the second line, and back of that the third. Over the crest of the hill, down the gentle slope and across the undulating fields the majestic columns sweep in solid march—banners fluttering, swords flashing, bayonets gleaming. Composed of the tried veterans of an heroic army they present a front terrible and irresistible—a spectacle impelling and magnificent in its grandeur. An involuntary murmur of admiration runs along the waiting Federal lines. As the columns leave the hill the Confederate batteries open with renewed vigor, flinging shells over the heads of the advancing lines into the Federal batteries beyond. Half the

distance is covered in steady, rapid advance before the Federal fire becomes destructive. At first only single files are cut, now and then, here and there, but as they come within easy range the Federal guns pour upon them a converging, concentrated tempest of shot and shell. The batteries from the ridge rake them in front, while those from Little Round Top take them in the flank, enfilading their lines with deadly effect. The gaps in their ranks increase. Great openings are torn in them, but are instantly filled from the rear. Officers and men fall on every side. Yet the columns hold their formation and sweep on with a steady front. But their advance brings them within fatal range. An avalanche of canister and shrapnel bursts upon them with converging, cataclysmic fury, from the entire Federal line, from Cemetery Hill to Little Round Top. In-

stantly the big gaps multiply. The living press to the center to fill the open spaces made by the dead. The lines shrink to half their length. The right of the column is torn into shreds. First a battalion and then a whole brigade goes down. The slaughter is awful. Whole lines are swept away. The fearful missiles tear them to fragments. All seem to have become food for powder. A cloud of smoke and dust envelops them like a cowl. Above the cloud, into the clear air, fragments of bodies, arms, legs, caps, and guns are thrown as from a caldron. A moan of anguish goes up from the stricken field, distinctly heard above the noise of the conflict. Suddenly a west wind lifts the cloud, driving it from the field, and the whole horrible, sickening scene is limned in the sunlight:

The hot plain covered with the dead and

the dying; maimed and torn fragments of dead bodies, scattered promiscuously, where only an instant before living hopeful men marched and cheered; broken forms; puddles of blood; horses and men lying singly and in heaps; and over all the continuing crash and roar of battle—a terrible, helpless slaughter.

And yet the thinned and shortened lines press on—on over intervening fences, across pasture, cornfield, and swail and up an incline toward the flame-wrapped lines on the ridge near the Clump of Trees. There the crippled batteries are being withdrawn and additional ones put in. This done, the artillery fire redoubles. Again the columns are torn and shattered, and the terrible, decimating slaughter is renewed. Half a column disappears as if swept bodily off the face of the earth, mown down—annihilated. Whole ranks are torn out.

Men stagger and fall. Some lie still upon the ground. Others are writhing in agony unspeakable, tearing up the grass with stiffening fingers and gnawing the earth in delirious frenzy. Field officers are constantly falling. Whittle is dead. Garnett is killed. Kemper, Pettigrew, and Trimble are wounded. But the living rush on, never stopping their grim advance, not even halting. With ringing cheers they break into double quick, moving on in impetuous charge—an irresistible line of flesh and steel. They are almost within reach of the coveted crest—now only two hundred yards away! Now one hundred! Now only fifty! The Federal musketry fire has been withheld, but now in an instant eighteen thousand muskets are discharged at point blank range, adding their murderous fire to that of the artillery, and leaving upon the ground a line of dead.

The shattered first line halts, delivers a fierce fire of musketry, and is swept away, literally melting beneath the concentrated fire of canister, shrapnel, and musket balls, poured upon it from the crest of the ridge. But the survivors in the second line pass over the dead bodies of their fallen comrades, not pausing to consider them or even to bear away the wounded. Color-bearers fall, but before the humbled banners touch the ground they are caught by other hands and borne aloft again. Their staffs are shot away. Their folds are torn and riddled—burned at the cannons' very mouths, but in their place caps are lifted on the points of swords and bayonets to guide the advancing storm. The intrepid columns sweep up the declivity like a cyclone, so close that the expression on the faces of the men can be seen: Features, hard and tense; lips, pale and drawn; white

teeth, set in supreme resolution; eyes, aflame with frenzied fury.

Through the tense air are heard little, dull, strange sounds—the impact of lead in human flesh; the thud of bullets, striking the warm bodies of living men—splashing, ripping, sickening sounds.

On the Federal side Hancock, Gibbon, and Webb are wounded, but the defenders of the ridge stand firm, redoubling their efforts and pouring volley after volley into the faces of their assailants. All that portion of Pickett's division within the immediate zone of fire melts and disappears. A terrific crash of musketry is poured into the right of Armistead's column, killing and wounding hundreds, but the survivors, unawed, hurry to the rear of Pickett's center, and all rush upon the stone wall—up to the cannons' red-lipped mouths, up to the very muzzles of the flaming muskets.

Their clothes are burned; their beards, scorched by powder and exploding cartridges, but there is neither stop nor pause. They strike the crest and drive themselves like a monstrous wedge into the Federal line with an impact that shakes the very hills!

FINALE

Unafraid of death for the moment they possess everything—the stone wall, the Clump of Trees, the smoking, heated batteries. Armistead falls, mortally wounded, at the very wheels of the Federal guns. On the other side Woodruff and Roelty are dead. Cushing, wounded in both thighs continues to fight his battery—fights it after all his officers are killed or wounded, with only men enough to man a single section. Pushing his last gun to the fence he fires it with his own hand, into the very faces of his frenzied assailants, falling dead at the moment of its discharge. Sheldon, too, is severely wounded, and Milne, mortally so. There they lie, wounded and dead, among their broken guns! Carnage

and death reign supreme. Scarcely a Confederate field officer is left. But there is no pause in the wild, discordant conflict. Officers use their pistols. Men club their muskets, and batter and bruise one another. Thrust of bayonet is answered by swing of musket, and crush of flesh by spurt of blood and brain. Other regiments rushing to the broken point in the Federal line swarm around the Confederates, unofficered and undirected. The din is awful. Cries and oaths mingle with the crack of pistols and the rattle of rifles. Voices are drowned in the uproar. Commands can not be heard. Amid the chaos of the close-waged struggle all formation is lost. Confederate banners mingle with Federal flags. Assailants and defenders are one disorganized mass. The point about the Clump of Trees is crammed with men, firing into each other's very faces; closing with one another

in mad fury, hand to hand in mortal combat; driving their reeking bayonets through splintering bones and the soft, warm tissues of living bodies. All terror of death is lost. Men fairly rush to meet it, grasp at it as though it were a boon, catch it in their glad, impatient arms, and hug it to their heaving bosoms. Possessed by imbecile wrath, they fight like demons; tear one another with teeth and nails; claw and bite one another; bleed and shout and expire; "atoning with their lives for the faults of others!" The conflict culminates with fearful rapidity. Time is measured by seconds. Men sink, despairing, shrieking, frantic. Some of them fall face downward, their mouths in pools of blood, biting the ground in a frenzy of pain and rage. For five awful minutes the struggle continues. Then, their supports fallen or captured, the Confederates turn and flee. The Federals gather in

pursuit. Guns from every quarter are turned upon them. The slaughter is fearful. Scattered, retreating fragments, torn and tossed and prostrated, reel down the declivity and across the plain under the fire of a hundred guns, where but a few minutes before fifteen thousand proud and powerful men marched and cheered—seemingly an irresistible human tide. Not a mounted officer is to be seen. All but two have gone down. Both armies are frightfully hurt. Gibbon's division has lost half its strength, and one Federal battery twenty-seven men out of thirty-six. Forty-two Confederates lie dead about the Clump of Trees. The Second Mississippi has lost more than half its numbers, and a Confederate artillery battalion one hundred and forty-four men and one hundred and sixteen horses. Out of the five thousand in Pickett's division who started with him for

the Clump of Trees, fewer than twelve hundred returned from the fatal crest. Two thousand were killed and wounded in front of it in thirty minutes.

AFTER THE BATTLE

The ghastly tragedy is ended. The colossal, monstrous crime is finished. But we have yet to see the wreck and ruin, the anguish and the horror of the after-scene—its aggregated woe, the sum of its despair.

Let us go down the shell-swept slopes; down to the shot-sown field, trampled by hurrying hoof and rutted with hastening wheel; down through the valley where swept the hurricane; down to the Peach Orchard and into the Wheatfield. Down to Devil's Den, and up the red hills, along the ridges where the battle lines and batteries were; up to Little Round Top; up to the Stone Wall; up to the Clump of Trees; up to the Cemetery among the fallen, broken monuments; through the woods

about Spangler's Spring, and out to Oak Hill, the crux of the first day's fight. What a scene of devastation it all is:

Battered canteens and shot-torn knapsacks; splintered rifles, shattered muskets and broken swords; wrecked artillery, dismantled guns, disabled limbers, ruined tumbrels, bursted caissons, and crippled ambulances, scattered and piled in mixed and intermingled heaps.

Every living thing is sickened and withered. Vegetation droops. On the grass, a crimson dew. In the wheel tracks, red puddles. The earth is saturated with blood —a mire and mush of dirt and brains, of soil and gore, of powder-grimed, flesh-kneaded clay. The air is heavy with the odor of saltpeter, mingled with the scent of human blood and the stench of decaying corpses. In parts of the field—scenes of the first and second days' battles—grave-

worms are reveling in a feast of putrid, dissolving flesh, and over there, among the bowlders, vultures are holding banquets.

Death is about us everywhere—myriad-handed, appalling—supreme in its inevitableness. The field is filled with corpses—thousands of them, literally and actually thousands. Here, scattered and isolated, their uniforms powder-burned and splotched with blood, and there, where the crux of the battle waged, are actually rows and heaps and hills and mounds of them. The whole field is an abomination of slaughter, a vast and hideous accumulation of maimed bodies and of mangled, bleeding trunks, decaying in the hot sunshine and covered with swarms of flies. Some of them cut in two; some headless, some disemboweled, torn and broken with shot and shell and shrapnel; stabbed with bayonets, hacked

with sabers, hammered and bruised with clubbed muskets.

The mutilations are monstrous; skulls crushed, brains oozing and spilled; chests mashed into pulp; thighs shattered, legs broken, arms torn from their sockets; arteries severed, veins slit; broken jaws; bleeding, protruding tongues; noses gone, lips bruised; eyes torn out, faces shot away; legs, arms, feet, hands, and bodies cut into fragments, ripped and torn into shreds. Death can be seen in every form; the dead, in every attitude. Some prone and stark; some sitting upright, propped among the fallen; some with up-turned, staring but sightless eyes; some with grinning lips, parted over set and glistening teeth, significant with purpose. It seems to have caught and stamped unalterably upon each set countenance the emotion dominant at the instant its message was received. On

this one, energy and determination; on that one, the resolution of despair; on yonder one, the rapture of high resolve. This one is white with horror; that one, beautiful in its proud defiance. On this one, terror indescribable; on that one, the tranquillity of painless peace. Here, the lips are parted in a smile. There, unutterable sadness has left its seal. One is inexpressibly mournful; another, happy in its calm repose. Here is a captain. In his stiffening fingers, a woman's photograph, spattered with blood; on his face, a look of love and yearning tenderness. This is a colonel. His numbed and stricken hand still grasps his sword, unsheathed and bare. Fallen from his bosom lies a Testament—the gospel of the Prince of peace.

Here is a baby's likeness, smeared with the blood of bruised and bleeding lips.

And here, a drummer-boy—a mere lad

—fair, blue-eyed and dimple-cheeked. His sweet and wistful face is strangely out of place in such a scene. Death, if it had to come to one so young and fair, should have found him within parental portals, in the arms of her who bore him, rather than here amid the hellish sounds and scenes of such a cataclysm as that in which he fell. And it should have called with gentler summons than the broken shell that tore this gaping wound in his tender breast.

There are others, almost countless others. The Blue and the Gray, mixed and intermingled—men and officers—blouse and shoulder-strap—cap and plumed chapeau. All are equal here—leveled by the equality of death.

To some death came swift and sudden as a bullet's flight. A painless, convulsive moment, and all was over. But upon others it crept with slow and torturing pace,

reaching for their vitals and finding them only after long delay; filling the intervening hours with pain and struggle, with hope and despair; making each an age of agony and of thirst, of frenzy and delirium.

To others it has been so long in coming that they are dying only now. Dying after a night and a day of dreadful suffering, conscious of life's ebbing tide, yet fighting to live, and losing at last, through neglect and want of succor.

Among the dead and the dying are the wounded—more than thirty thousand—not yet rescued. Some have lain prostrate beneath the July sun since yesterday, crazed with thirst and fever, pale and unconscious from pain and loss of blood, and yet their white lips move and moan.

In this pile of shell-torn human flesh and mutilated dead, and in that confused heap of twisted and bleeding trunks, are living,

breathing men. Wounded and inextricably tangled amid the awful human debris, they are unable to rise or even to cry out; but their weak, white hands still move convulsively in mute appeal.

Mingled with the human dead and wounded are dead and wounded horses, hundreds upon hundreds of them. The dead, piled amid the guns of the wrecked batteries and among the fallen men, their swollen, bulging carcasses befouling the air; the wounded, limping across the field with broken limbs, galloping riderless in terror, or sinking in exhaustion. Some disemboweled, are making frantic efforts to rise, entangling their feet in their own entrails; their death-cries filling the valley with trembling, shuddering horror.

Yonder is a field hospital, improvised and crude. For three days it has been crowded beyond all capacity with the vic-

tims of the missile-swept field. Toward it the wounded continue to make their enfeebled, tottering way, and from ambulance and stretcher, upon the ground about it, the limp and crumpled forms of maimed and pallied men are still being deposited. The bruised and battered shadows are everywhere. Some, walking about; some, sitting; some, reclining; some, lying unconscious, stretched where they were laid. Some are paralyzed, their backs broken, their faces distorted with pain. In others are great gaping wounds emitting gushes of blood at every respiration. There are broken hands and severed fingers, hanging by threads of skin; feet crushed into a mass of jelly, and cloven skulls with the palpitating brain beneath laid bare, and rows of silent, ghastly dead.

Outside are piled fragments of flesh and bone, heaps of amputated hands and feet

and legs and arms—the bloodly offal from the red tables within.

Inside are the nurses, the surgeons and their assistants, all too few, many times too few, for the task laid upon them. The nurses, calm and gentle; the assistants, intelligent, comprehending and quick; the surgeons, grim, impassive, imperturbable, with nerves of steel and hearts of oak, and souls knit of bravery's finest fiber.

There is no time for consultation, scarcely for diagnosis. The need and the numbers of the wounded are too great. A glance, an inspection, quick and instant, and then action, purposeful and decisive. The flash of a knife, and the naked, quivering flesh lies open; the faint rasp of a saw, and a limb is severed. Joints are disarticulated at a single stroke; arms taken off in three motions of the hand.

Buckets of blood and fragments of flesh

are caught and borne away and poured upon the grass outside. The suffering is direful and excruciating. The misery, agonizing. The groans and moans are pitiful. With the cries of pain and delirium are mingled the impatient wail of the waiting and the death-rattle of the dying. The hot, sultry air is heavy with the sweet and insipid odor of chloroform. The smell of blood is nauseating. The stench of gangrene and the fetor of putrid flesh are beyond endurance. The mephitic breath of fever is upon everything.

In the Wheatfield, at Spangler's Spring, and here and there, throughout the red, stricken field, the living are beginning to sepulcher the dead. Long, shallow trenches are being digged just wide enough to receive the maimed and broken forms laid crosswise in them. There are no burial services, no prayers, no songs, no ceremonies

of any kind, not even a requiem save the sighing of the shuddering summer-wind. The dead—more than ten thousand—are too many. All is hurried haste. Whatever is done must be done quickly. The bodies of comrades—those who for three awful years have shared the privations and the dangers of civil war, messmates, and even bunkmates—are gathered by the survivors and laid in the trenches with the others, in long rows, side by side, face upward. A blanket or a blouse is thrown over the crumpled forms to keep the clods from immediate contact with their faces, and the loose soil is hurriedly thrown in upon them, making a covering so thin that the rain of the morrow will melt it away in many places, leaving exposed protruding feet and extended hands, and in some instances the decaying trunks themselves. There are no outward expressions of grief. No

lamentations, no tears. The sensibilities of the tenderest have been hardened into adamant by the frequency with which they have faced like experiences on other fields —Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville.

Whenever known the name by which each was known in life, and the organization in which he served, is marked upon a thin board stuck in the ground at the head. But frequently a body is found mangled beyond recognition, stripped of everything tending to its identification. It is laid among the others, and upon the rough board at its head is scrawled a single word—the only tribute posterity will ever pay to him who tenanted it—the simple word, "Unknown." When he fell he surrendered not only his life, but his identity forever, giving his all, even his name, as an atonement for another's sin.

The details of the vast and grewsome spectacle are repeated and multiplied until the heart grows sick and the awed soul shrinks in terror. The whole enormity of the monstrous three-days' deed wrought in this valley and among these hills will never be known. It is beyond mortal concept. Pen and pencil fail. Speech is inadequate. The tongue, dumb and helpless. Language can not portray or imagination body forth the awful whole.

We turn from the fratricidal field—the adjective here is aptly used, for the field is a fratricidal one in very truth. They who struggled here were children of a common ancestry, of one blood and of one country, speaking one language, loving freedom and cherishing liberty for themselves and their posterity, and coming not infrequently from one community and sometimes from one home. It is the irrefutableness of this

fact that adds so tremendously to the pathos and the mournfulness of the awful scene—we turn from the fratricidal field with a feeling of awe, of reverence, and of admiration—awe for the dead lying out there, reverence for the wounded, and admiration for the living—for their courage and their chivalry.

We are conscious, too, that out of the baptism of fire and blood and the holocaust of carnage and of woe the Union is rising, rising undismembered and unbroken, sublime in the unity of its forging purpose, glorious with the splendor of future endeavor, and luminous with achievement. Through the smoke and the clouds we see the breaking light of a better, nobler day than the Nation yet has known—a day of asperities forgotten, of wrongs forgiven, of a people reconciled.

All this we see and are conscious of as

we leave the valley and climb the hills, but down in our heart of hearts and soul of souls we know that Gettysburg ought never to have been. That what took place down there was a colossal, monstrous crime. That back of it all some one had blundered. That the conditions that seemingly made it necessary might have been different—so different that it, itself, could have been avoided. That in spite of the valor and the consecration poured upon its sacrificial altars, it will forever remain a stain upon our history, an indictment against the civilization of the age.

REQUIESCAT

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

—Will H. Thompson.

BATTLE INTENSIFIED

All that, and more than that, was Gettysburg—fought fifty years ago. Since then conditions have changed tremendously, more, in fact, than in the preceding three hundred years. A pitched battle between two or more great nations now would be vastly greater both in the numbers engaged and in the magnitude of the spectacle presented. The fatalities would be incomparably larger; the horrors, many times intensified. Indeed, it is impossible to estimate the extent of the change or the increase of the casualties. The augmented power of explosives, the multiplied velocity of missiles, the enlarged caliber and increased range of guns, the greater accuracy and rapidity of fire, smokeless and noiseless

powder, and the partial mastery of the air, all tend to augment immeasurably the losses and the disasters of battle.

Arms, ammunition, and the mechanisms of slaughter have been so improved that war between powerful nations now would be simple annihilation.

The modern rifle kills at two miles. It repeats its fire many times with almost instantaneous rapidity. Bullets speed from its muzzle in a stream, on approximately straight lines, striking all they meet, with a velocity that would carry them through successive files of soldiers.

When Gettysburg was fought, only eighty to one hundred rounds of ammunition could be carried into action. Now, five hundred and seventy-five rounds can be carried. Musketry fire is forty times more effective.

Cannon have reached a hitherto impos-

sible caliber—ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, and even seventeen inches — delivering shells equipped with time fuses as perfect and reliable as clock-work, and weighing from a thousand to two thousand four hundred pounds, a distance of from nine to twenty-one miles.

Field artillery is effective at three and a half miles. Range-finders give the range with precision up to four miles, in three minutes. Batteries are operated from depressions behind hills instead of from their crests as formerly, dropping their shells upon the point desired with unbelievable accuracy. Artillery as a whole is one hundred and sixteen times more powerful and effective than the Federal guns at Gettysburg, and many times more numerous. Instead of two hundred and thirty-eight guns in action as at Gettysburg, there would now be two thousand. There were more than

one thousand in action at Sedan, even in 1871. The Prussians alone are said to have had eight hundred.

Machine guns, not then invented, are now capable of such rapid fire as to be able to "sprinkle the field with shot as roads are sprinkled with water," operating with a spiteful, sickening sound not unlike that of an automatic riveter in a boiler factory.

The improvement in ammunition is equally wonderful. Shells are composed of explosives of terrific and deadly power—dynamite, cordite, exrasite, melinite, motorite, indurite, roburite, and peroxilene.

The shells used in the Federal guns at Gettysburg on explosion burst into nineteen to thirty pieces; modern shells, into two hundred and forty. Shrapnel then burst into thirty to forty death-dealing missiles; now, into three hundred and forty. A bomb then burst into forty fragments;

now, if charged with peroxilene, it bursts into one thousand two hundred.

The storing, transporting, and use of such explosives, under fire, are subject to frightful hazard; their very presence being a continuing and horrible peril.

Here is Jean de Bloch's picture of the effect of a modern shell:

"A single explosion among the ammunition wagons of a battery would make splintered chaos of everything—guns, wagons, horses, and men—a storm of wood and soil and iron, of cannon barrels and wagon wheels, of torn carcasses, of mangled flesh, blood, and brains—hopeless, hideous confusion, destruction indescribable."

The rapidity and accuracy of fire—musketry and artillery—are now phenomenal. As many projectiles could be fired in the course of a few minutes as were formerly fired during a whole battle; the

best guns being capable of eighty-three shots in three minutes. The work of a single hour would now exceed, in quantity of ammunition and weight of metal delivered, that thrown in the whole three days at Gettysburg.

The effect of all this is to establish in front of a line of battle an impassable zone of fire, an area of extermination, of at least a thousand yards in width, into and upon which bullets would fall in handsful—a storm of lead and iron constant as hail and swift as lightning—an area within which no living being could stand; and to fall within it would be to die. The wounded could not be removed. A charge across it like that made by Pickett at Gettysburg would be a physical impossibility. His divisions would be utterly and completely destroyed. Not a fragment of them would survive.

Brief but impressive corroboration of this fact is found in a press dispatch from Hankow, China, under date of October 31, 1911: "Of a rebel battalion which faced the imperialist machine guns with intrepid tenacity, only two or three escaped. The others were mowed down as grass before a scythe."

There is yet another fact that would add tremendously to the fatality and the terror of a modern battle—the use of smokeless and noiseless powder. The screen of smoke would be removed from the field. Battle would be made in the unclouded light. Its terrible consequences would be visible to all, with nothing to indicate from whence the death-messages came. Marksmen concealed at a distance of a thousand yards would pick men off at will. Their fire would be deadly. Every shot would claim its victim. Neither smoke nor sound would

betray their position. Men would fall, killed and wounded, dropping in their tracks where they stood, without visible or audible cause—simply fall and die. The soldier would not see or hear the cause that deprived his comrades of life. He would only see them fall and die, as though stricken by an unseen, noiseless hand; by a voiceless, invisible bolt from the blue, or by the breath of the Almighty.

Battle under such conditions would be terrible in its weirdness, unexampled in its horror. The strain on the nerve and morale of the men would be all but unendurable. Casualties would be trebled. Among the officers they would be so great as to destroy all command and direction, leaving whole divisions unofficered. And an army unofficered under such conditions would become a helpless mob, its doom a certainty—utter and complete annihilation.

Compared to battle between powerful nations under modern conditions, Gettysburg, with all its fatalities and its horrors, was but a skirmish—a battle in miniature.

LINCOLN

"FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hollow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have

consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

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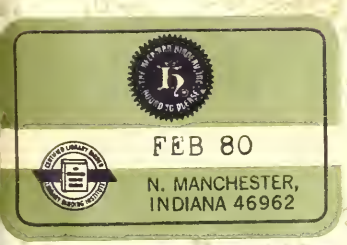
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INDIANA 46962